

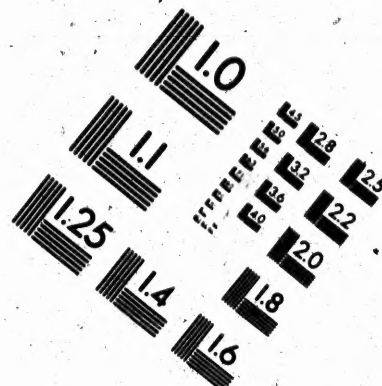
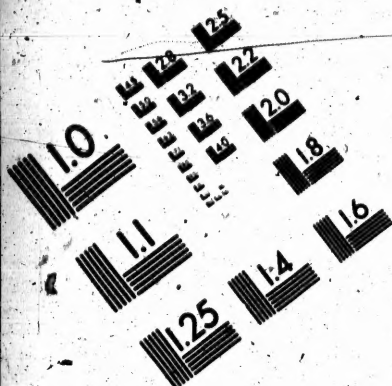


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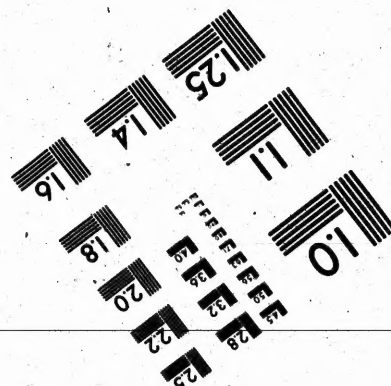
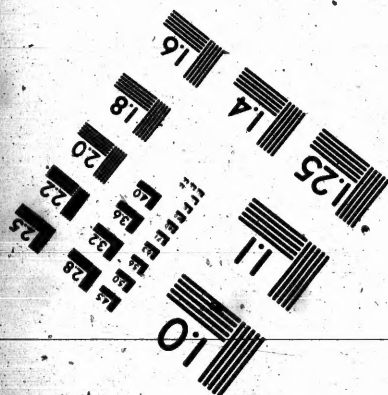
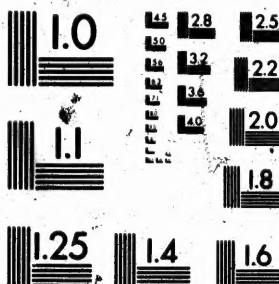
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MEMORIES OF MY YOUTH;

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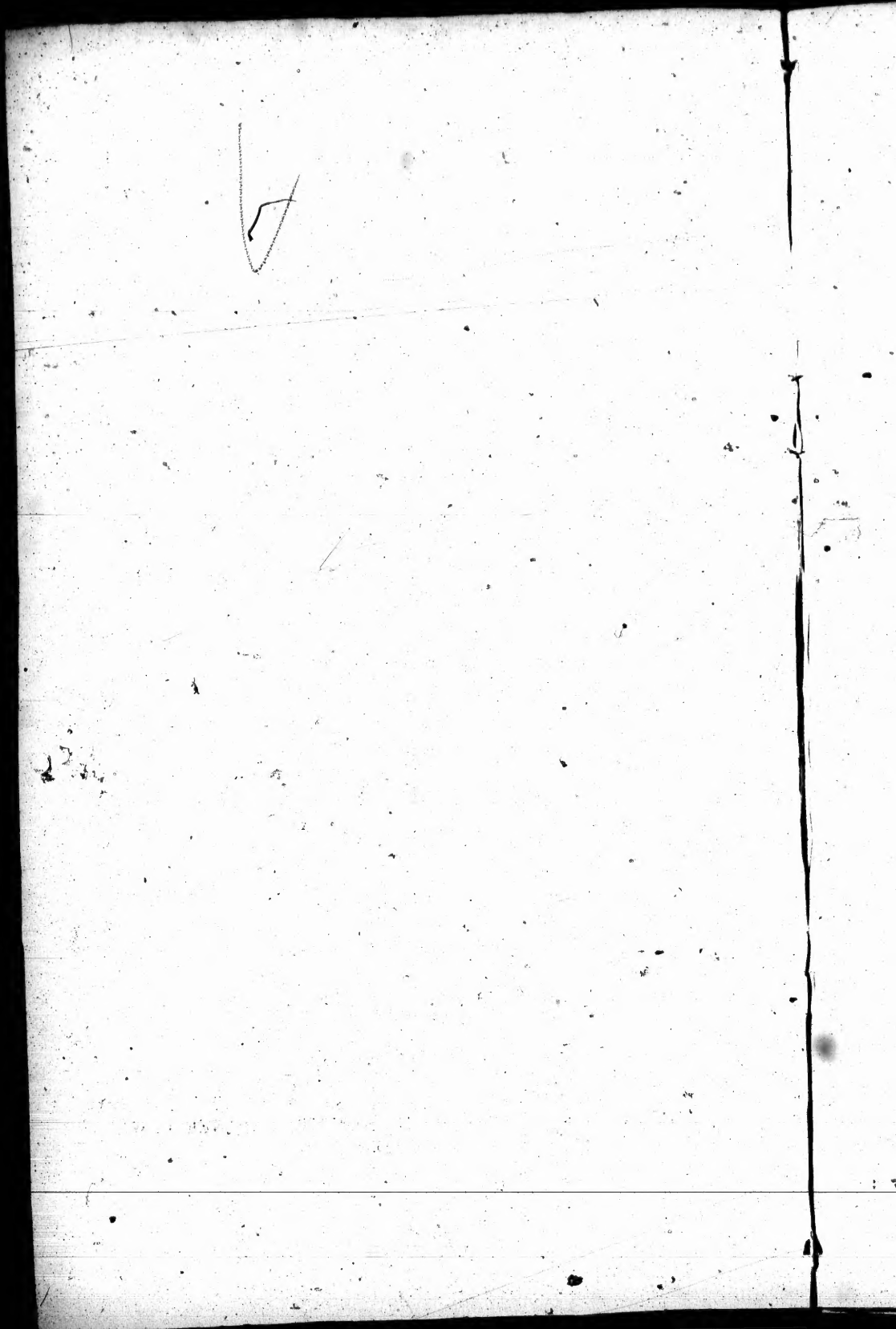
P O E M S,

BY

J. T. B R E E Z E,

PICTON, C. W.

WILLIAM KENNEDY, DUNDAS STREET, NAPANEE, C. W.
1865.



TO THE INTELLIGENT READER:

Perhaps there is no branch of literature with which the Canadian mind is less acquainted than poetry; and it is not without a good deal of self-sacrifice that an author can venture to publish any work, however small. Perhaps this is the case with all new countries—that the finest of arts should be cultivated last, as every author who has appeared in public has had to lament of the apathy of the public mind in this direction.

The writer can candidly say that from no vanity to become an author has this work its appearance in public. The contents were written at different times, in various places, as the circumstances inspired the author's mind, without the slightest view of ever appearing in a book; but my health having failed very seriously some months since, I was obliged to resign my labors in preaching the Gospel, and resort to the pen as the only alternate means to support my family. The amazing success which my smaller works have met with, has given me confidence to publish these poems that have been accidentally kept from the fate of a great number of others that I consigned to oblivion, though many possessing equal, if not superior merit, to these that have happened to have a different fate. Whether the eye and heart of a poet would accredit them to be the pure production of the muse or not, the author does not pretend to determine; but this the writer may say, that from childhood some wonderfully strange influence would involuntarily take possession of the intellect and the heart, and carry them away into mental and emotion regions that I cannot account for, except it be attributed to some cause of such a nature. But whether these productions possess the true nature of poetry or not, they are the unaffected emotions of a mind and heart always moved by the nature of the subject that he has in hand, without any regard to the things themselves being meritorious or otherwise.

The author does not publish them in the character of true literature, nor as omens of any future fame as a poet. They are simply in his possession, and he publishes them for his temporal benefit. If they have any merit I hope they may bear a happy influence on the human heart, shed some influence in favor of our holy religion, and possibly bring some glory to our Heavenly Father.

The writer subscribes himself

The humble servant of mankind,

J. T. BREEZE.

WESLEY'S GRAVE.

The writer was about seventeen years old when he visited the grave of this eminent servant of God, in City Road, London. Be it a fault or an excellence in the writer, he was a passionate admirer of John Wesley, and though he saw sufficient (with all his excellency), to prove that he was human, he labored to copy after him in life, marking the growth of his character and the various sources of his success, as he ascended the pinnacle of usefulness and fame; and always beheld in him the outbreaks of a great nature worthy of imitation. Even what Philosophy regarded his weakness, viz.: his visionary views of the departed dead, wears an air of greatness that his sincerity made real to him. The writer felt an unparalleled degree of emotion as bending over the grave of this master in Israel, and could in some degree sympathize with those deluded followers of Mahomet, who, when they see the relics of the false prophet, pull out their eyes that they may not pollute them by beholding anything impure again. There is a shade of idolatry about the human heart when touched in the right spot. The design of the publication of these lines is to substitute words breathing a christian spirit to music often used with words inappropriate by christian ladies, who frequently use these carnal sentiments in song for want of poetry of a more spiritual character. If Napoleon is celebrated in song that lights up the spirit of the great at their pianos, why should not the christian parlor be fired by reminiscences of the veteran of the cross.

All alone stood a bard 'mid the graves of the mighty,
Where the vaults of true heroes did catch his wild eye.
And deep on one's bosom was carved a name weighty,
John Wesley, immortal, did beneath it lie.

O, herald intrepid, whose feet were commissioned
On errands of mercy to the human race,
Why slumbers thine eyelids? hath death then derisioned
The noblest of mortals and mildest in grace?

And art thou O father in Israel, enshrouded
'Neath death's pallid mantle, at last in the grave?
Has eighty long years and eight more beclouded
The light that once aimed the whole world to save?

Here lieth a brow that was once lit of fire,
That flashed its mild lustre on all hearts around;
Alas! it but slumbers my muse to inspire,
And homage its glory enrap't in the ground.

The heart that once throb'd with seraphic emotion,
O'er millions of sinners while beating with life,
Has stop'd its vibrations with every commotion,
And hush'd its deep sorrows from a world of strife.

That breast that once heaved in its throes of deep anguish
 And bore on its surface the church's deep care,
 Is pierced by the spear of death and did languish,
 Unable its breaches at last to repair.

Those lips that once kindled with fire from heaven,
 And pour'd down rich streams of clear eloquent truth,
 Are silenced for ever that oft had engraven
 Eternity's letters on minds of our youth.

Those hands that so sacred broke bread at God's table,
 And poured out the wine as our emblem of blood,
 Are palsied by death, now for ever unable
 To point one poor sinner a way to his God.

O, what will the churches which thou did'st oft water
 Do now as their pastor lies mouldering in clay?
 And what when the wolves will the flock wildly scatter,
 When torn without mercy and ravaged away?

They follow'd thy footsteps, thou led'st them to pasture,
 Beside the still waters of truth's crystal stream;
 They brought forth their fruit in their season the faster,
 Their boughs never wither'd where thy gospel came.

Thou led'st them to battle and vict'ry prevailed,
 In Israel's great army when thou led'st them on,
 Thou wast thy weapon of truth that ne'er failed,
 Thy foes fled before thee when thy sword was drawn

The churches may contest again Satan's army,
 And gain many a vict'ry in war on the plain;
 But yet my eyes trickle for what doth alarm me,
 Internal eruptions may rend us again.

When threaten'd internal by many divisions,
 From those who may fail thy great sceptre to wield,
 We mourn that thy voice in its final decisions
 Is not heard among us commanding the field,

And cry to the author of thy mighty spirit,
 To send us thine equal in wisdom and might,
 And guide us through Baca's dark vale by his merit,
 To follow thy footsteps to glory aright.

O, shade of the mighty aged John the disciple,
 Who leaned so tender on Jesu's sweet breast,
 Why fall the bard's tears on thy grave now to ripple
 One wave on the surface of thy peaceful rest.

Stand by thy tombstone like those at Mahomet's,
 And partly the relics below idolize,
 While feign my young genius would travel by comets
 To follow thy spirit in bliss 'bove the skies.
 And there hear thee tuning thy lyres in glory
 To him who hath washed thee from sin in his blood,
 And harping in bliss all unknown the sweet story
 Of calvary's sorrows and the love of God.
 Thy person there buried in hallo effulgent,
 So lost in the glory deep, deep in the throne,
 Where gigantic souls were, too, striving so stringent
 To catch one bright gleam from thine eye on their own.
 I'd love to stand by thee when this vault would open,
 And yield up thy body immortal to fly,
 And soar on bright pinions all, all uncorruption,
 To meet thy redeemer in bliss from the sky.
 Farewell, sacred relics of Wesley immortal,
 I drop one warm tear of love on thy grave,
 In hope yet to follow thy soul through Heaven's portal,
 To praise my redeemer who died us to save.
 The place I am treading is getting so sacred,
 Like Calvary's summit or Gethseamane,
 While heroes here slumber their angels awaken'd
 Are guarding their relics and fluttering by me.
 O, what inspiration creeps over my spirit,
 As though I were treading on some hallowed ground,
 And list'ning like Moses to words of deep merit,
 To pull off my sandals as walking around.
 Death's chains and its sceptre that rattle in terror
 Around this sad graveyard where lieth the brave,
 Will be robb'd of their power when we without error
 Can shout Haliluja then over his grave!

LINES,

DESCRIBING THE DREADFUL CATASTROPHE ON THE SWING BRIDGE ACROSS RICHIEU RIVER.

Inscribed (in deep sympathy) to those friends that survive.

O, River of Richlieu ! the muse would now pour
Her streamlets of tears all purple as gore,
That the scene round thy shore from my heart doth inspire,
While the muse pours her sympathies aloud on the lyre.

The muse is baptised with thy sorrows and woes,
And fails from her anguish describe what she knows,
No power of mind nor no language nor tongue
Can picture these terrors and woes in a song.

'Tis night, and the stillness of death doth pervade,
And hangs its dark mantle these scenes 'round to shade,
The swing bridge is open, its mouth gaping wide,
Beneath are the murmurs and songs of the tide.

O, River of Richlieu, thy peace must be broke,
Thy waves must be parted by demon-like stroke,
Is thy breast too be bruised? will it utter a groan
Responsive of sorrows that others must mean?

The cars, the conductors of scores to their home,
So pregnant with terrors in fierceness do come,
And plunge in this chasm, deep in the blue wave,
No power to rescue nor arm there to save.

They tumble in terror with unearthly force,
Unguided by reason they lost their own course,
And all falling headlong dash'd deep down below,
Producing such terrors, none suffer to know.

Within were three hundred and fifty and four,
Whose slumbers were broke on this sad fated shore,
And four score or upwards were hurried away
To meet their Creator in eternal day.

'Twas night, and old nature's dark eyes were asleep,
 This shock doth awake them from slumbers to weep,
 Proud river, roll backward as Jordan of old,
 Do homage to sufferings no language hath told.

And thou, tow'ring mountain, thy proud head may bow
 To kiss the poor sufferer and soothe his sad brow,
 And nature forgive this encroachment of art,
 As those crystal tears from the melted eyes start.

That wept once before around calvary's brow,
 When she in devotion to Jesus did bow,
 In honor of sorrows that flow'd with the blood,
 Which broke in compassion from the heart of her God.

So now yonder planets that roam upon high,
 Stand still on their course as they pass this scene-by,
 And weep out their tears of deep purple hue,
 And pour them in sympathy profuse as the dew.

See carriage on carriage and weight upon weight,
 Descend the abyss from that terrible height,
 Hear wailings on wailings from parent and child,
 Ascend through the heavens in accents so wild.

See bodies assunder'd, yea, head after head
 Consign'd without mercy to homes of the dead,
 The infant that hung on its fond mother's breast,
 And the boy that reclined on his father for rest,

Are sever'd assunder in anguish untold,
 Creating such horrors we shrink to behold,
 Defying man's skill to place muscle and bone
 (Rent so far assunder,) each part to its own.

Sweet hills and mild valleys of Germany's shore,
 Could ye list to the anguish and sufferings now o'er,
 Ye too would incline to a sigh and a tear,
 For those that have fallen in death's slumbers here.

That were, peradventure, upon thy proud knee,
 Oft dandled in moments of childhood's wild glee,
 But left thee in search of some happier clime,
 Unknown to the poet nor pend in his rhyme.

Bright prospects deluded their hearts from their home,
 Unconscious of dangers that afterwards come,
 Wouldst thou not reprove them for wand'ring away
 From thy happy scenes tow'rd the close of life's day.

Yea, some whom thy winters had whiten'd their heads,
 O'er eighty long years lie now 'mong the dead,
 They came to be doom'd by ill fate so severe
 From everything sacred and everything dear,
 From hearts that would love them and soothe their aged brow,
 When death would be threat'ning to lay their heads low,
 And parents whose love did once tenderly twine
 'Round everything sacred near those scenes of thine.
 Their friendly adieu did but fall on thine ear,
 No omens of danger exciting thy fear,
 But suffer'd these horrors no language can tell,
 And bid this fair planet for ever farewell.

A SUMMER SKETCH OF NEWBURGH.

THE RIVER.

Flow on crystal river so softly and still,
 How peaceful thy gliding by valley and hill,
 Thy breast never ruffles with anger or pride;
 But an emblem of peace is thy sweet silver tide.
 Not thou like thy parent, the ocean, whose rage
 Doth against poor seamen strong battles oft wage,
 Which she in those passions of terrific power,
 Doth plunge poor sailors through death's fatal hour;
 And bury their pride 'neath the waves of her sea;
 Dispersing his glory and mocking his plea;
 But thou, dearest daughter, dost open thy breast,
 And welcome the vessels on thy bosom to rest.
 No threat ever darkening thy beautiful face,
 But robed in thy deep shining beauty and grace,
 Wouldst welcome a child e'en to play at thy brink,
 No fear that thy treachery would cause him to sink.
 Flow on peaceful river ever wending thy way,
 Till thy waves on the breast of thy mother may play,
 And bury thy tears on her cheeks yet in peace,
 Where all thy sweet murmurs for ever will cease.

The village of Newburgh doth welcome thy dew,
 Reviving her flowers each spring e'er anew,
 That spring in wild glory so gay at thy feet,
 Diffusing their odor the poet to greet.

And tempting the muse a high tribute to pay,
 To all their rich beauty on this fine summer day,
 Nor here alone do I stay with my song,

But listen to music from happy birds' tongue,
 That play now so lovely in this month of June,
 And chant their Creator an angelic tune,
 The bard may not find here a theme for his song,
 From rich architecture to charm you so long.

But yet he may sing of industry and truth,
 Of beauty imprinted on the brow of each youth;
 Discant on the virtues that flow from the soul,
 Of grace that doth always your kind hearts controul.

Behold two neat buildings erected on high,
 To offer sweet incense to God in the sky,
 And also those doctrines that's treasured so dear
 Whose lives may be offer'd to protect them here.

Their actions may always in truth testify
 Of virtues and morals that never can die,
 A Gardner may come here to prune the wild bough,
 And pluck up the roots that prevent it to grow.

And a Poole to oft water and moisten the ground,
 To loosen the earth and enrich it around,
 And oft peradventure the Gardner may say,
 "You have loosened enough," and the answer be "Nay."

A quarrel may arise, the dispute may be long,
 And many keen arrow be thrust from the tongue,
 But still they are brethren, they all freely own,
 Each gathering rich gems for to deck the same crown.

To adorn the mild brow that once suffer'd and died,
 And bought their salvation by blood from his side,
 No quarrel in heaven will wrangle their love,
 But chant with bright seraphs in glory above.

THE POET AND HIS ADOPTED SISTER.

Once two wells of crystal water
 Met a distance from the springs,
 And they kiss'd each other's streamlets,
 O, how sweet their music sings,
 As they go mingling together,
 All their purity and bliss,
 Tráveling to the distant ocean,
 What elysian pure is this?

Yea, two hearts of deep affections,
 Same in kind and nature too,
 Well'd out their pure loving streamlets,
 That continues faithful, true;
 Yea, their love in one was mingled,
 Blended as the crystal stream
 That went on towards the ocean,
 Happy as some pleasant dream.

Thus they felt they were related,
 Yea, by every sacred tie
 That would bind them both in union,
 Through time and eternity,
 And each heart threw out its lustre,
 Pour'd the warmth of christian love,
 Like some happy pair of Eden,
 That do roam the realms above.

Let me print upon thy forehead,
 Arch'd o'er with its rainbow light,
 The sweet kiss of fond affection,
 On those temples pure and bright;
 Let it be a little emblem
 Of that homage, which the soul
 Would pay to thy mental power,
 And doth my fond heart controll.

Yea, the kiss is now converted
 To a token of deep love,
 On a heart that did adopt thee,
 For my own where'er I rove;
 Let it be agreed while here,
 That this bond shall never break,
 Till the glories of God's kingdom,
 Shall our raptured souls o'er take.

I, thy brother; thou, my sister,
 Yea, by every tie that's dear,
 Heart to heart by heavenly union,
 Far too pure for doubt or fear,
 Ooze out all the fond affection,
 Lavish out its boundless store,
 On the object thou hast chosen,
 Through time and for ever more.

Thou art pure and lovely, dear one,
 Clear as is the sunbeam's ray,
 Shedding heavenly lustre on me,
 From thy presence day by day,
 Warming all my deepest life-threads,
 And inspiring the warm glow,
 By those sweet and deep affections
 That do from thy bosom flow.

O, this bond of sweet adoption
 Will and must us purify,
 Till it blends in happy union
 On that bright eternity,
 Singing to the lamb in glory,
 He who wash'd us in his blood,
 And imparted every blessing
 That could bring us back to God.

The following poem which is respectfully inscribed to Rev. John Scott (Presbyterian Minister) and lady, embraces a retrospective view of their Christian lives, whose hearts from their childhood cherished a deep feeling of sympathy for the perishing heathen, and with hearts burning with love to Christ and immortal souls, made all their studies and acquirements subservient to this noble end—of bringing the heathen to God. But He, "whose ways are in the deep, and footsteps in the great waters," had other scenes for their labors of love. The humble poet who for years, cherished similar missionary feelings, had much pleasure in throwing the powers of his mind and feelings around so holy a theme. In connection with the above, the writer notices the dispensation of a mysterious Providence in removing their three little lambs to Christ's fold and arms in heaven.

In a christian home encircled,
Here my happy muse may sing,
Where devotion pays her offerings
To the great Eternal King;
Where God's truth is always honor'd,
Understood, believed, and loved,
Where the christian light is shining,
And its living truths each proved.

Proved by power of life's example,
By the hallow'd sacred fire,
And the incense that ascended
Up to heaven's eternal sire,
Here my soul can sit a singing
On her happy harp along,
Till the light of heaven breaketh
On me in immortal song.

Heaven, then lend thine inspiration,
Ope' my wings in hues of gold;
Let me hover on this subject,
And its beauties rare unfold;
It enwraps my soul around it,
Throws its hallow'd rays of light,
Now to tempt my poet spirit
To display its glories bright.

Back through distant time transport me,
When thou mad'st the laws of mind,
That have both become a parent,
And of no inferior kind;
All the laws of mental greatness
Slumber'd in their natures deep,
Over which thou ever kindly
Didst a vigilant watch guard keep.

It required thine eye of wisdom,
Oft to centre all its gaze,
Lest their powers break too early,
All the world around to amaze,
And required thy gracious spirit
To pour out an heavenly ray,
To illumine their mental natures
With the light of gospel day.

And they like the prophet Samuel,
 Answer'd loud this heavenly call,
 But return'd to sleep, not knowing
 That it was God's voice at all,
 Or his choice now to receive them,
 To be trained by gospel light,
 And be sent by him to herald
 All the cross's glories bright.

In a way not known to human,
 They were led and taught to live,
 While the moral light of parents
 Did its vivid lustre give;
 Thus their hearts did gather power,
 And were taught true discipline,
 Though unseen, their souls were always
 Led on by a hand divine.

Till like Sampson felt the power
 Of God's spirit on their souls,
 Oft' to overwhelm their nature
 And their varied powers controll,
 All the world was map'd before them,
 In its varied shades of sin,
 Darkness reigning, damning millions,
 While hell yawn'd to take them in.

Thus their souls were lit of fire,
 And their eyes betrayed it true,
 Downward floods of purple tears
 Drop'd upon them like the dew.
 Who will come o'er here and help us?
 Was their Macedonian cry,
 And their souls apart responded
 If none go, O Lord, may I?

Constant came these cries a sounding
 In their hearing, from afar,
 While they pray'd kind heaven to guide them,
 There, swift as some flying star,
 Thus they long'd to shed the lustre
 Of their dear redeemer's name,
 While these feelings haunt their spirits,
 Constant every year the same.

Thirsting to unfold the glory
 Of their Saviour's dying love,
 And to guide them to the glory
 Treasur'd for them up above,
 Thus this principle oft' sway'd them,
 Springing from a christian heart,
 Taught them to forego their parents,
 And with home's pure pleasures part.

Love of fame nor love of country;
 Love of home nor love of friends
 Can compare to love for Jesus,
 Here love's glorious climax ends;
 He who gave these kindred spirits
 All this missionary power,
 Did incline them with desire
 Round this world to make a tour.

Placed them in a way to welcome
 Oft' each other's fond embrace.
 His heart arm'd with moral power,
 Her's with every female grace;
 Thus did blend their gospel spirit,
 Each imparts intrinsic worth
 To each other to adapt them,
 To proclaim the gospel forth.

His bright powers are richly cultured,
 Fraught with wisdom from above;
 Nature, science, art, adapt him
 To proclaim Christ's dying love;
 Providence, then why desert them
 Married both in purpose strong,
 To unfold the varied glories
 Of the cross with angel tongue.

Ah! God's ways are in deep waters;
 Well may man who walks around
 To survey the bush of glory
 Pull his sandal on this ground,
 And like Eli answer wisely:
 " 'Tis the Lord," so let him do
 All his providence may dictate;
 It can be but good for you.

His wise providence can guide you,
 And not quench that hallow'd flame,
 But while here on earth may fan it,
 To proclaim your Saviour's name;
 O, yes, God can wisely teach you.
 That this love of souls could go
 Anywhere, where sin's dominions
 Did extend on earth below.

Even old Briton's isle of glory
 Needed all this love of heart,
 And to be a missionary
 They need not from home depart;
 God had plan'd a mission for them,
 Here around their Christian home,
 There this love must work and suffer
 Every providence that come.

Keep 't in thy hand, but let it from the heart,
 A gen'rous distance now and always part ;
 And let thy soul on nobler objects stay,
 When earth and heaven forever flee away,
 And rise sublime from all the scenes of earth,
 To enjoy the bliss that's of eternal birth.

THE PHOEBE CATHERINE, PICTON.

NORMAN, & CURRY.

What glories hang 'round Picton's noble brow,
 As themes for songs that 'lone from poets flow ;—
 Among the host of the illustrious charms,
 Another throws her beauty in my arms ;
 Daughters of song, ye well may stamp your name
 Upon her brow to augment your future fame ;
 Go, Phœbe, go ! and like thy namesake gain
 Earth treasures rich despite her toil and pain ;
 Thy namesake long on life's rough ocean's been,
 And furrows deep around her brow are seen,
 The sullen storms and furious winds she's past,
 Unwrecked she stands towards life's close at last,
 Though dash'd by tempests in their proudest rage,
 She stands an heroine of her favoured age ;
 O as thou spreadest thy wide wing'd sail abroad,
 Sailing in pride along the silvery road,
 Empty thy treasures at thy namesake's feet,
 Then with a smile will she thy presence greet.

And, Catherine, thou whose milder glories dwell
 In calmer scenes, baffling my song to tell,
 Thou'lt represent those calmer hours of sail
 When storms do hush, and winds their fury fail,
 Deck'd in that beauty that may charm the soul,
 When winds have ceased their furious waves to roll,
 But all serene, calm as those hours of even,
 When golden stars peep through the depths of heaven.

Proud Phœbe Catherine, stem those sullen storms,
 Laugh at those rocks that raise their hugely forms,
 That stand a threatening to abate thy pride,
 As sailing by on ocean's billowy tide ;
 They envy thee free sailing in the wind,
 While they enslaved are left in chains behind,

Smile at their threat, and press through dang'rous seas,
 Filling thy sails with every pleasant breeze,
 Kiss foreign shores waving in graceful pride,
 Thy full-swelled sails along the silver tide,
 Bring in return the wealth of every land,
 Empty them freely in thy owners' hand,
 Should Picton's sons see thee in distant lands,
 Waving thy flag above their golden sands,
 Gladly they'd own thy flags at any shrine,
 And shout all hail, sweet Phoebe Catharine!
 O, be thou kept by heaven's propitious eye
 When storms assemble, thy proud fronts to try,
 And when their pride and strength shall all engage
 To crush thy power when desp'rate battles rage,
 May vict'ry fall on Phoebe Catherine's side,
 And conquering sail in her Pictonian pride,
 Return to hail the welcome thou hast won,
 While at thy helm was some Pictonian son—
 Accept my song, with my desire for thee
 To press thy way through every troubled sea;
 May age alone stamp on thy noble brow;
 The infirm proofs that 'll lay thy tangles low,
 Success e'er mark thy Captain and her crew,
 And bring him home with plenteous stores anew,—
 May ruthless time alone lay low thy head,
 And hide thy brow 'neath ocean's lustrous bed.

THE MILITARY.

G. JACOBS, BANDMASTER SIXTEENTH BATTALION.

AIR—"Bonaparte's Grave."

On a spot were the tide of Ontario's strong billow,
 Assails the fair bosom of Quinte's green shore,
 Do dwell the strong hearts that would press death's cold pillow,
 'Fore foes should ere rob them of treasures of yore.

CHORUS—Then hoist Britain's flag, and unfurl freedom's banner,
 And swell her a song with the heart of the true;
 We'll die in her service while heaven breezes fan her
 And shout hurra, boys, for the red white and blue.

The proud flag of Britain has wav'd in rich glory,
 O'er nation that shine in her crown as a star:

And no throne 'neath the sun can relate such a story
Of valour and freedom with her to compare,
Chorus—Then hoist Britain's flag, &c.

Her crown and her throne are more loved than the jewel
That hangs on the maid in the days of her pride,
Or they that do shine like the sparks of the fuel,
And deck her snow hand in the days when a bride.
Chorus—Then hoist Britain's flag, &c.

Thy shore-favoured Picton is graced with the spirit
Of hero's that slumber in death on the plain,
Whose pride would dictate them to gain equal merit,
And die for the glory of Britain again.
Chorus—Then hoist Britain's flag, &c.

Thy Ross and thy Fraser, whose deep hearts of fire
Would kindle of loyalty and sacred love,
Whose proud deeds of valour would thousands inspire,
To follow to glory in regions above.
Chorus—Then hoist Britain's flag &c.

Thy Allen and Langmuir would die in the battle,
And shed their blood sacred so free on the plain;
While cannon would roar, and the proud thunders rattle,
To raise thee, dear Britain, to glory again.
Chorus—Then hoist Britain's flag, &c.

Our country shall live, and yet rise in rich glory,
And wear many a gem in her illustrious crown;
Our children shall rise, and relate her a story,
Of war and of victory of fadeless renown.
Chorus—Then hoist Britain's flag, &c.

ITS LITERATURE.

THE "NORTH AMERICAN."

Hail, little star! spreading thy silvery light
Upon our land in all its radiance bright,
Thy columns teem with rays from every shore,
Cheering our hearts with thy most precious lore:
Here wit and humour play their active part,
Teaching of depths within the human heart,
And stores of truth from arts and science pure,
Fall on the soul its affections to allure;

The fancy wild may welcomely be fed,
 By fragrant thoughts that fall upon our head ;
 Here passions play in their infinite form,
 Keeping th' affections of the bosom warm ;
 And genies shield her feathers from the soul,
 Like down from wings of angels as they fall,
 T' allure the eye our spirit to condole.
 The towering bard drops his most brilliant thought,
 'Tis treasured here as things of value ought,
 And pure religion and her balmy power
 Sheds heavenly light upon the heart each hour ;
 Here wrong 's reproved, and justice plays her part,
 To pang th' oppressor with a mortal smart ;
 McMullen, thou with thy deep, mental toil,
 Hast welcom'd here within thy native soil ;
 Live then to rise and bless thy native land,
 Obey the dictates of thy God's command,
 Till frowning age lay low thy weary head,
 Hide it in honour in earth's dusty bed—
 Then may thy name shed hallowed fragrance o'er
 Those left behind on earth's beclouded shore.

I leave the printers, where "Gazettes" do fly,
 Dispensing news to every cottage nigh,
 That guides the public mind and mould its thought,
 To love the British law as Britons ought.

And on my left I leave the Grammar School,
 Where eager minds do seize its rugged rule,
 And promise fair to bless some future hour,
 Their country's service with strong mental power ;
 A nursery this, where grow for every stage
 Some blooming plants t' adorn the coming age ;
 And from her breasts may learned and eloquent,
 To fill their country's posts be ever sent,
 To raise to wealth, to glory and to power,
 To gem her crown and deck it with a flower.

Mechanics' Institute shall grace my song,
 She's heard afore the warblings of my tongue ;
 Now gently deign to hear again my praise
 As I, in song, my timid warblings raise ;
 Lo, on thy brow have shone the learned, the wise,
 Whose eloquent floods hath oft caused thee surprise.

A proof thou stand'st of Picton's inward love
 Of progress, learning, and bright hopes above;
 Long live thy sons, and all thy noble sires,
 Who to high learning's height their breast aspires;
 And from thy breast's may youthful souls be fed,
 Who'll rise and call them bless'd when they are dead.
 And centered here, the "Times" hath shelter long
 Nor must her columns bright escape my song,
 For she can sing herself serenely sweet,
 Nor can the poet's wings fan to her height;
 Sing on and shine thou beacon light of truth,
 Inspire thy love to it in brilliant youth,
 And bless our homes with lustre from thy star,
 And send thy rays along our shores afar.

BLOOMFIELD.

Bloom may thy fields forever fair, abundant harvests may they yield,
 Long as thy poet name shall bear remembrance of the bard, "Bloomfield."
 O, may kind heaven begift thy soil with some immortal kindred soul,
 Whose seraph strains of mental toil shall yet in hardie numbers roll.

That all the beauties that may lurk around thy quiet homes of love,
 Be oft portrayed to praise the works of nature's God who reigns above;
 Beauty and loveliness do play in many a form upon thy breast,
 When summer's rose do bloom so gay, by nature's dews forever blest.

Thy moral ground affords some souls with beauty and loveliness more pure,
 Which heaven's own silent grace controls that'll long around thy soil
 endure;

The mystic chain of cordial love doth hold their friendly hearts in one,
 Bound by a law from heaven above, whose hallowed rays fall from his
 throne.

The copious dews of heavenly grace fall on the silent banded few,
 They court the smiles of Jesus' face, whose glories break on them anew.

A. I. CORKINDALE, ESQ.

I have much pleasure in inscribing the following Poem on the death of Mrs. Corkindale to her bereaved husband, who condescended in me when a stranger, assisted me in affliction, and to whom I am indebted for a great many favours. The solemnities of her death were too graphical in themselves to admit of their publication at the time; hoping

they will not be at present out of place, I submit them to the immediate friends and the public.

Thy gentle goodness bless'd me when a stranger in the land,
Inspired me when oppression lay on me its cruel hand ;
Thou through those clouds beheldst me enduring every ill,
When drinking deep affliction's sorrow to the fill,—
Accept this humb'le tribute of gratitude from me,
For all the tender kindness that I received from thee—
May heaven benign o'er favour thy person and thy store,
And grant thee every blessing till life's vast scenes are o'er.

A SACRED MEMENTO OF MRS. CORKINDALE.

My harp awake thy tender strings empower,
To aid the muse in her distressed hour,
That weeps in mem'ry of an hallowed scene
In human life, which spots lie evergreen,
And stand as columns here in human life,
To point man's soul from all its scenes of strife ;
For oft indeed those hours of hallowed thought
Become divine of heavenly sympathy fraught,

And stand apart to look at life so true,
Without the colouring of false glowing hue ;
The human heart like nature's floodgates break
Betimes with woe that doth its powers o'ertake,
As nature's floods both the earth deface,
So youth's beauty and beauty's grace,
And furrowed o'er their remains many a line
Which none can feel save that rent breast of thine.
Dear prostrate man, who felt those waters roll,
In boundless grandeur o'er thy troubled soul.

If so betimes a sunny smile may rise,
Like rainbows lustre through the cloudy skies,
Thy furrowed brow again will gather gloom,
As mem'ry's powers recur but to the tomb ;
The tomb ! I said, where love will shed her tear
For dear ones mantled sacred ever there.
Two silent years had fled on gentle wing
Since wedlock bless'd the pair of whom I sing,
Within those years their sprang as springs the flower,
Pure wedlock's fruit to augment the family bower.
Ah ! troubled year, though big betimes with hope
Of future joy bright'ning each spirit up ;

But didst begot to them 'n unwelcome hour
 Of faded joy that wither'd hearts of power;
 Her gentle spirit bent its pinions o'er
 Her darling child as heaven would open its door;
 She fogned to whisper in the ear of death,
 To stop its life thread, and resign its breath,
 That in her arms, or on her wings, she may
 Conduct it home to realms of endless day,
 To cast a trophy 'fore the lustrous throne
 A spotless spirit kin to her native own.

Ah, monster death! why didst thou not withstand
 The tempted boon which she had at command,
 That brilliant goal which beauty could enchain,
 Low at thy feet to tempt that heart of thine?
 O heart of stone! could beauty not then sway,
 And put thy office to another day?
 And couldst thou scorn the manly tears that flow
 Down anxious cheeks, as emblem of his woe,
 Didst thou regard that tenderest appeal,
 That pity fail'd in mercy to conceal?
 Or did death's heart repel e'en from a child,
 Its needful claims that ask'd in language mild;
 He pass'd by this his heart as e'er unmoved,
 And smote the object by us all beloved.

But fate's black curtain dropt its sable side,
 Before her eye to stop this wish of pride,
 And heaven, impatient at her weary stay,
 Invites her upward through the starry way,
 Passing the pearly gates with hues of gold,
 Harping deep music and pure joys untold;
 Then closed these gates, they bury in heavenly light,
 These scenes of sorrow from her mortal sight.

Farewell, dark earth, she stands around God's throne,
 Lost in its joys and glory all unknown;
 And now she beckons from those scenes of bliss
 Her husband dear and children with a kiss;
 Holds out their crown, and points to seats of love,
 To meet her there to sing with her above,
 Gazing forever with an heavenly ken,
 On Jesus' wounds to praise him e'er amen.

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. JAMES WYCOTT,

Who Departed this Life, April 6, 1865.

Picton, weep thy gentle dewdrops
 O'er the sacred dust of one,
 Who, from mid thy strong affections,
 To the world of bliss hath gone;
 Deep the springs of christian virtue,
 Deep the principles of truth,—
 Shone from out his silent spirit,
 Early since bright days of youth.

Aged and grave, mid friends that love him,
 Has this Christian pilgrim fell,
 Left this chequered world of sorrow,
 Bidding all a long farewell;
 Deeply mild were all his actions,
 Love of truth inspired the soul,
 Whose devoted powers are chanting
 Now where songs of millions roll.

Widow, weep thy crystal tears,
 Let them down thy countenance lave,
 Oft to kiss the summer's flowers,
 That may beautify his grave;
 Weep with hope, that all his ashes
 Yet in glorious bliss shall rise,
 To meet Jesus his Redeemer,
 When his throne comes in the skies.

Fare thee well, beloved spirit.
 Oft we'll miss thee here below,
 But thy soul is there enraptured,
 Where heaven's joys eternal flow;
 Hush my song! thy music blushes,
 Dies to hear the song above,
 As its glorious strains are breaking
 Praises to the Saviours love!
